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FIRST MODERN POET
—Wallace Fowlie

THE

# Commonweal

*Communist Threat*

## SHADOW OVER LATIN AMERICA

by Harry Schwartz

*Catholics and Labor*

## ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS

by John C. Cort

John Caxton · Philip T. Hartung · Kevin Sullivan
Anthony Bailey · John Cogley
Michael Harrington · Vivian Mercier · M. A. Fitzsimons

Volume LXVI, No. 12 June 21, 1957 Twenty Cent

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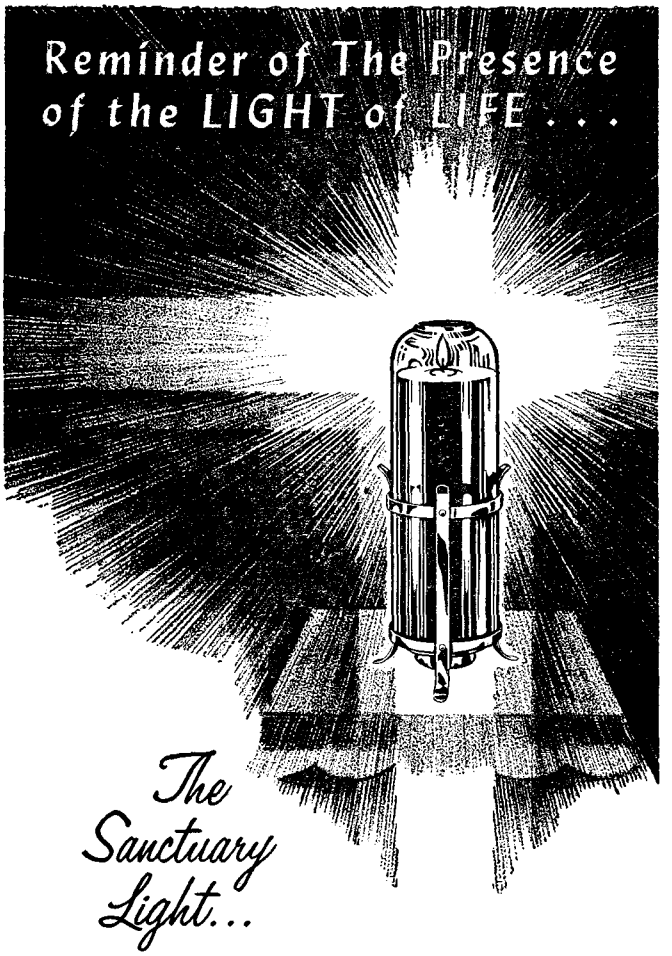


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THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

*Editor*
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

*Managing Editor*
JAMES O'GARA

*Associate Editors*
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

*Contributing Editors*
JOHN C. CORT
ANNE FREMANTLE
PHILIP T. HARTUNG
RICHARD HAYES

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1957 in the U. S. A. by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685.

U. S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 20c

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THE
# Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

## week by week

### A FORMULA FOR THE FAR EAST

A SWING AROUND the Far East these days would disclose a rather common pattern. In lands that are predominantly agricultural as well as those that are industrialized, one difficulty is endemic. Severe inflation threatens there whether the set-up is capitalistic, socialist or mixed. For all its vaunted strides in production, Mao's China is confronted with grave situations in both industry and agriculture; Indonesia's economic and political stability is in jeopardy; India is impelled to resort to new fiscal, and other, austerities; Japan has had to decree measures that will sharply cut down its imports. Stringency and uncertainty pervade the vast and populous area outside the Bamboo Curtain at a moment when the pressure is intensified to open up the China trade.

Japan is still recovering from its crushing defeat in World War II, but it is the only one of these nations that is already heavily industrialized. Even so, such productivity does not sufficiently relieve the pressure of its ninety million people upon its meager food resources—with arable land which is far from adequate for such a population and fisheries that are limited and curtailed by continued Soviet harassment. Large-scale emigration has long been put forward as the key solution to Japan's mounting demographic pressure. The obstacles to this solution have thus far proved too great: the Oriental exclusion policies of Australia, New Zealand and the United States, the great costs of transportation and resettlement, and the love of the Japanese for their homeland and their highly traditional way of life.

Japan is far and away the most advanced of the nations of the Far East—in the modern, Western sense. The people are literate and intelligent. Japanese industry is developed and proficient. Technical resources and experience are abundant in both textile manufacturing and heavy industry. Japan is in no sense an underdeveloped nation.

There is a possibility, however, that the Japanese might play a leading role in building up such nations in Southeast Asia. Premier Kishi himself envisages a program in which Japanese technicians backed by American capital would work together with local representatives in country after country to develop the substantial natural resources of Southeast Asia. There are memories of World War II to be lived down, competition from the Sino-Soviet orbit to be overcome and determined Oriental resistance to exacting new ways. Moreover, Mr. Kishi's recent visits to India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon, Formosa and Thailand are said to have generated little enthusiasm for such a program. It is not certain how warmly it will be welcomed in Washington when the Japanese Premier presents the idea in person (along with other proposals).

The fact remains that poverty in Japan and neighboring underdeveloped lands—deplorable as it is in itself—remains a source of military weakness and vulnerability all through the Far East. Because of the depth and extent of this poverty, defensive alliances such as SEATO actually can muster little strength.

During 1956 the United Nations expended some twenty-five million dollars for technical aid, one-third of it in the Far East. A somewhat larger sum could be credited to the British Empire's Colombo Plan. But these sums are inconsequential in comparison with the proportions of the problem. Similarly, the number of UN and British Empire technicians is quite inadequate for a Herculean task that tends to encounter local resistance all the way. It is unlikely that there are many additional technicians from the United States available. The logic for the Japanese suggestion is compelling.



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If the undoubted Japanese talents and energies are successfully to be utilized to build up strong points in the Orient, other measures will also be required. Restrictions on our Japanese imports will need to be reexamined. The tiny quota for Japanese immigrants will have to be expanded materially. In other words, if Japan is to comprise a genuine countervailing force for peace and security in the Far East, we will have to be wholehearted about it. If the whole area can be materially developed by these means, such friends as Viet Nam, the Philippines, South Korea and Taiwan would greatly benefit, Asiatic neutralism would tend to be less pronounced, and defensive alliances would have an underpinning now badly lacking. Despite the many obstacles it faces, the Kishi development program has much to recommend it.

## THE DU PONT DECISION

THE SUPREME COURT'S recent decision against du Pont is historic, involving issues that have been debated for years. With three Justices not participating, the Court held four-to-two that du Pont's ownership of twenty-three per cent of General Motors stock enabled it to get the lion's share of G. M.'s paint, lacquer and fabric business. As the majority saw it, this favored position for du Pont constituted a violation of the anti-trust laws.

The immediate effect of this decision will be to send the case back to the District Court which was overruled by the Supreme Court finding. The lower court may then order du Pont to sell all or part of its G. M. stock, or it may arrange the establishment of a special non-voting status for the stock held by du Pont, in order to eliminate the control of the auto corporation which the Supreme Court condemned in its decision.

## NEXT WEEK

ROBERT TOBIAS writes about the beleaguered Protestants of Eastern Europe.

"In Eastern Germany special conferences have been organized to train lay 'home visitors' in pastoral guidance and home counseling and to equip them to help parents deal with critical issues: the Christian faith as related to work, to political authority, to peace and freedom. . . . Special 'Bible weeks' in one year reached two thousand communities."

Whatever the shape of the final settlement, the immediate reaction of the business community to the ruling was one of great alarm. Many newspapers treated the decision as "anti-business," and the N. Y. *Herald Tribune* even said that the entire American corporate structure was shaken by the verdict. For our part, we doubt that the effects of the decision will be as sweeping or as disastrous to industry as these first opinions would indicate, and we do not think that governmental anti-trust proceedings can in any legitimate sense be considered "anti-business."

The du Pont corporation is, certainly, a sizable venture in its own right, and General Motors is the second largest industrial corporation in the United States. Ownership of stock in G. M. is scattered, and the Court's finding that du Pont's bloc of twenty-three per cent—worth more than two and one-half billion dollars—constituted control of the company will surprise no one familiar with corporate history and mode of operation. In this case the court was primarily concerned with the effect of du Pont's holding on competition, and in its decision it cited the fact, for example, that du Pont supplied sixty-seven per cent of all G. M. finishes in 1946 and sixty-eight per cent in 1947, giving the Delaware corporation a commanding position in the field. Statistics like these indicate the preferred position du Pont enjoyed over its competitors for G. M.'s business, but underlying them is the larger issue—how the power represented by giant corporations like General Motors and du Pont is to be controlled in the public interest.

What is involved here is a question of balance. Bigness alone does not mean restraint of trade, and an industrial system like ours would be impossible without the gathering of capital by the corporate device. But such corporations possess power in economic life that is analogous to that of the city-states of earlier days, and if economic power is not directly translatable into political power, it is real power nonetheless.

To control such power, the economic system needs a system of checks and balances, comparable to those which operate in our political system to prevent the concentration and abuse of power by any one branch or agency of the government. Under present circumstances, public opinion and the courts must constantly concern themselves with the task of protecting the common good against abuse in the economic arena, even the abuse of well-intentioned men, and judicial decisions reached in this spirit should not be considered "anti-business"—any more than the criticism of abuses of private



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property by Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI justifies their being considered "anti-private property."

In the long run, the welfare of business in general and of du Pont and General Motors in particular cannot be served by pretending that giant corporations represent an unmixed blessing and pose no problems in our society. The sensible interpretation and implementation of the Court's decision in the du Pont case may cause some immediate inconvenience, but the divorcement of the two companies should eventually work to the benefit of the business community at large and of the nation as a whole.

## AID TO POLAND

THE EISENHOWER Administration will undoubtedly be criticized for extending economic aid to Communist Poland. While we believe that the decision was the proper one, that such aid should be granted to Poland at this time, the decision was not, we think, simple or immediately obvious. Some of those who opposed the measure marshaled arguments worth serious consideration.

The strongest point against the loan was vigorously stated by Senator William F. Knowland when he said that such aid might be the beginning of a "Communist Marshall plan." Such aid, he said, strengthens one of the Communist satellites and eases the immediate strain that Poland's economic needs are placing on Russia. The loans thereby serve to consolidate the Soviet empire. Those who agree with the action of the Administration have these arguments to counter.

In a recent address to college graduates, Vice President Richard M. Nixon presented a strong defense of the loans. Without mentioning Senator Knowland by name, he dealt with his opposition. He did not deny that the loan of farm commodities and mining machinery would strengthen Poland, nor that Russia would be relieved of an economic burden. But that the Russian empire would ultimately be strengthened, he challenged. The loans were an effort, he said, to oppose Communism with "the explosive power of freedom." The Polish people have clearly shown that they want to be independent of Soviet domination. The Communist leaders of Poland have responded to popular pressures; there is now a greater degree of freedom in Poland than existed there one year ago. But the "liberalizing" tendencies of the present regime are limited by a shaky economy.

Admittedly the aid offered on such terms is, as Mr. Nixon described it, a gamble. But the evidence in favor of such a gamble is formidable. June 28 will see the first anniversary of "Black Thursday," the day when the Poznan workers rioted under the slogan of "bread and freedom." In fulfillment of a pledge that he would speak there before the anniversary, Mr. Gomulka recently addressed the Poznan workers and answered their questions. Many inquired about Poland's independence, the reasons for belonging to the Warsaw Pact, and the necessity of close economic relations with the Soviet Union. Mr. Gomulka replied that necessity made certain demands, that "we cannot always do what we like." Not everything Mr. Gomulka would like would displease Russia's rulers, but they would not like to see him strengthen "national communism" and economic aid would do exactly that.

The loans will thus encourage, it is hoped and believed, Poland's independence of Moscow. The strength of Nikita Khrushchev's opposition to the U.S. aid shows that he fears the same possibility.

## THE JENCKS DECISION

ACCORDING to Tocqueville, in *Democracy in America,* "Americans hold that, in every state, the supreme power ought to emanate from the people; but when once that power is constituted, they can conceive, as it were, no limits to it, and they are ready to admit that it has the right to do whatever it pleases." An American interested in the political and cultural development of his country is forever wrestling with Tocqueville, but we were turned to his critique of democracy this time by the recent Supreme Court decision in the Jencks case, and by some of the reactions to it.

The Court ruled that the government must produce documents relevant to the testimony of its witnesses, even if the documents are in "secret" files. In a lone dissent, Justice Tom Clark said our "intelligence agencies may just as well close up shop, for the court has opened their files to the criminal," and more in a similarly anxious vein. Angry condemnation of the Court's decision has come mostly, and ironically, from those who represent themselves, in other matters, as fearful of the growing power of the state. A number of Congressmen—Representative Walter and Senator Eastland among them—have rushed to file legislation to offset the force of the Court's decision, and specifically to maintain the secrecy of F.B.I. documents. Some editors marveled that the "inviolate" nature of F.B.I. files should even be questioned.



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We fail to see how this ruling imperils our national security, and we think the rights of an accused citizen take primary inviolacy over the files of the F.B.I. In the Jencks case the government introduced as evidence the testimony of two informers, who said that they had made reports to the F.B.I. concerning the accused. The reports, in the F.B.I. files, were not produced. All the Supreme Court ruling means is that when the government offers as evidence the testimony of a witness, it must produce the documents which bear on this testimony. If the government does not wish to publish such documents, for security or other reasons, it must dispense with the testimony which concerns them.

It may well be that the work of the Justice Department will be made more difficult by this decision, and that the "secret files" of the F.B.I. will have to be used more cautiously, but that's all. The decision has nothing to do with "criminals"; it concerns citizens who are accused of crimes. It does not "open up" F.B.I. files; it simply requires the government to produce evidence openly and fully or not at all. It does suggest that justice is more important than convenience.

The government, and the F.B.I. as its agent, deserve respect but not unquestioning submission. The first ten amendments, let us remember, were designed to protect the citizen from the state, and not the other way around. Despite Tocqueville, we must not let the struggle against Communist tyranny lead us into tyranny of our own devising.

## EISENHOWER AND THE OLD GUARD

WE HAVE COMMENTED many times on President Eisenhower's efforts to lead the GOP from its previous commitments to isolation and reaction, to push the Old Guard, kicking and screaming, as the saying goes, into the twentieth century. That the President is right in seeing Modern Republicanism as the hope of his party's future is confirmed by his own political success, and by the pattern of voting for Congressional and other offices; nevertheless the Old Guard wields great power in the party organization, in Congress, in the business world, and among the biggest contributors to campaign funds.

The President has managed to hold Republicans together by refusing to join in party strife, by minimizing differences, yielding and compromising, soothing the recalcitrant among his flock. This tactic seems not so effective today, however, despite its notable success in the past. The Old Guard is balking, and they are not much moved by the exhortations of a leader who cannot be a candidate in 1960.

In the light of this, the President's recent address to the Republican National Committee's strategy conference was not unexpected, but it was a dispiriting political exercise. He urged Republicans to forget their differences and work together in behalf of "Modern Republicanism," or else the country would fall into the hands of the "easy spending, paternalistic, business-baiting inflationists"—the Democrats, that is. The President went on, using all the slogans of non-Modern Republicanism—"government by crony," "loose spending," "centralization," "irresponsibility." What made it seem unreal is that the objections of the Right Wing to "Modern Republicanism" are precisely that it is "easy spending, paternalistic, etc." And they would have to be, for "Modern Republicanism," even as the President outlined it, is inescapably based on New Deal-Fair Deal principles.

The Old Guard, by the way, was more consistent than the President. They cheered the denunciations of "easy spending, etc." and maintained loud silence at the pleas for "a modern Republican party."

## FORCED LABOR

THE UNITED STATES delegates to the International Labor Organization have finally been told that they can work wholeheartedly for the most effective means of abolishing forced labor in those countries where it now exists. Ten years ago, labor representatives in this country worked to have our delegates in the I.L.O. and in the United Nations outlaw all forced labor. After two investigating committees gathered and presented massive evidence of slave labor in China, Russia and Communist satellites, our Administration became uneasy about a strong anti-forced labor convention. It saw a possible conflict between Federal and State jurisdiction. It confused the issue and our allies with ineffective suggestions.

The Administration fears have now been dissipated. It was pointed out that the Thirteenth Amendment, ratified by the States, already outlawed forced labor in this country. Our delegates can now work for a convention which will bind each ratifying country to abolish forced labor and the laws which provide for it. Such an international convention should have widespread practical and ideological consequences.



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# Shadow over Latin America

**"IF COMMUNISM IS NOT NOW A MAJOR FORCE, IT IS AN APPRECIABLE ONE, WITH POTENTIALITIES THAT ARE NOT UNDERESTIMATED IN MOSCOW"**

HARRY SCHWARTZ

THIS HAS BEEN a troubled spring in Latin America, even a bloody one in parts of this vast area. Colombia's dictator has been overthrown. Border clashes have taken place between Honduras and Nicaragua. Wild riots in the streets of three Chilean cities have taken their toll of dead and wounded. Political unrest has been evident in several countries, notably Haiti and Argentina. In Cuba, Fidel de Castro's revolutionary force is holed up in the mountains and student rebels have been shot dead in the streets of Havana.

Such a listing makes sobering reading. Its impact is increased when we think of the patent signs of possible trouble ahead elsewhere in this area. Communist strength in British Guiana is reported now at or near an all-time peak. The situation in Bolivia is highly unstable. Egypt's nationalization of the Suez Canal has opened up attractive perspectives for ambitious demagogues in the neighborhood of the Panama Canal. Drought in Southern Peru has forced large numbers of poverty-stricken Indians from their homes, creating a situation which could become explosive. We of the United States normally pay little attention to what is happening among our neighbors to the south, but these days—when no major point in Latin America is more than twenty-four hours flying time from New York City—it would seem that these signs of trouble or potential trouble ought to engage our attention more than negligibly.

The story of Latin America is not all one of troubles, of course, nor are all of the troubles, present or potential, the work of Communists. American public opinion, for example, welcomed the ouster of Colombia's dictator, and in that ouster the Roman Catholic Church of Colombia played an honorable and important role. Communists were almost certainly a small minority of those who demonstrated in the streets of Santiago and Valparaiso against the bus fare increases which touched off the bloody riots in Chile.

Yet if Communism is not now a major force in Latin America, it is an appreciable one, with potentialities that are not underestimated in Moscow and should not be underestimated by us. Over the past few years we have seen Communists gain control of two areas in Latin America, British Guiana and Guatemala. British intervention ousted them in the former area, and revolution—a revolution the great majority of Latin American intellectuals believe was financed, armed and organized by us—defeated them in the latter. If there should be a third Communist success in this hemisphere it may not prove to be so easy to undo the damage. At any rate we have been warned, and we can only blame ourselves if we do not heed that warning.

Earlier this spring, I visited Latin America for two purposes, to participate in the Fourth Catholic International Rural Life Conference held in April in Santiago de Chile and to try to assess Communist strength in Latin America by on-the-spot research in some half-dozen key countries. As matters turned out, these two purposes proved complementary, for the Rural Life Conference pointed the way to stopping the Communist challenge in what is perhaps its most dangerous area of potential strength.

TO TRY TO assess Communist strength in Latin America in terms of numbers of party members can easily be misleading. This was vividly shown in both British Guiana and Guatemala, where Communists won control though the actual number of disciplined Party members was infinitesimal, a handful in each case. In these countries the small numbers of Communists won leadership over large mass groups, many of them illiterates who knew nothing of Marxism even if they had ever heard of the term. Communist Party members in Latin America today should be thought of as potential officers of future military and/or political armies. They make up cadre parties, similar to the small Bolshevik Party with which Lenin carried out the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia.

With this caution in mind, it may be estimated—and a rough estimate it is since the Communists are illegal in many Latin countries—that there are be-

Mr. Schwartz, a member of the staff of the N.Y. *Times*, specializes in Soviet affairs.



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tween one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand Communist Party members among the almost one hundred and eighty million people of Latin America. For comparison it may be noted that the Communist Party of the United States is now probably down to less than ten thousand members. Since our own Communists are now fortunately a negligible force, it is not alarmist to say simply that Communist strength in Latin America is far greater than it is here.

Numerically speaking, the largest Communist groups are in Brazil, Argentina, and Mexico, not necessarily in that order. The Communists have a vigorous press in much of Latin America. They issue probably more than twenty-five newspapers, many of them dailies, and a number of magazines. The circulation of these publications is not large by the standards of, say, *Life* magazine, but they are influential in that they reach a wide circle of Latin American intellectuals and labor leaders going well beyond actual Party membership. It should be added that publication and circulation of Communist publications seems unaffected by the question of whether the Party is or is not legal. Some of the most important of these publications appear in countries like Brazil, Chile, and Peru where the Party is nominally illegal.

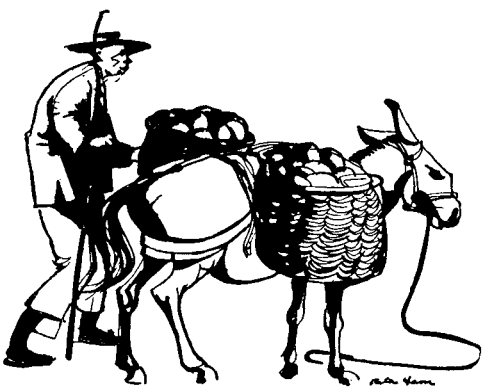
But Communist influence on the thinking of Latin America is not exerted primarily through the open or virtually open Party press. Two other channels are even more significant. One is the fact that a high proportion of Latin American Communists and their fellow-travelers are intellectuals, writers, artists, college professors, high school and elementary teachers, and the like. Pablo Neruda, whom many consider the finest living poet in the Spanish language, is a member of the Chilean Communist Party, and there are many others of lesser stature. The result is that Communist ideas are spread in many a classroom and in the columns of many a non-Communist publication. In Mexico City, for example, the Sunday literary sections of several of the capital's leading and most respectable papers are under the control of Communists, with results that might be expected. Communist intellectuals also hold significant government posts in some countries.

As is to be expected, the Communists are also active in Latin America's labor movement. Their chief instrumentality is the Confederation of Latin American Workers (C.T.A.L.), an affiliate of the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions. C.T.A.L. is headed by the flamboyant Mexican Lombardo Toledano. Some estimates place C.T.A.L.'s affiliates over all of Latin America at three hundred thousand, a small fraction of the area's organized workers. Toledano is reported out of favor with Moscow and rumors that he will be replaced are frequent. The Communists have scattered union strength, sometimes quite significant, in Ecuador, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, Costa Rica and Peru. The usual pattern in these Communist-controlled unions is one which is familiar in our own experience: a small but devoted and highly organized group of Communists is able to take over a union for lack of any similarly organized and devoted anti-Communist or non-Communist opposition.

Among farmers and farm workers, Communist strength was undoubtedly proportionately strongest in British Guiana and Guatemala, and is certainly still important in the former area. Elsewhere, intensive Communist organization efforts are reported among the drought-stricken Indians of Southern Peru, among plantation workers in Chile, and in Northeast Brazil in the area around Recife.

WHEREVER I went, I was assured by local observers that the Communists were either the best organized or one of the best organized groups in each particular country. This, of course, is the Communists' strength. The Communists' weakness, however, is that they lack truly charismatic leaders, men who have become legendary figures. Luis Carlos Prestes in Brazil is perhaps the single exception to this rule, but his effectiveness is impaired by the police pressure which forces him to remain underground. Prestes might well have long since been president or dictator of Brazil if he had not become a Communist, so great an aura did he win in the 1920's. Jagan in British Guiana may be on the way to becoming another such charismatic leader, but the fact that he is an East Indian automatically limits the group to which he can appeal.

On the whole, the Communist movement in Latin America appears to be somewhat weaker than it was several years ago. There have been significant defections this past year because of the Khrushchev speech attacking Stalin and because of Hungary. The former's effects were most serious in Brazil, where the Party has been split into a Khrushchev and a Stalin faction, among whom bitterness seems as intense as it once was between Stalinists and Trotskyites. Hungary's tragedy had less impact on Latin America than democrats





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might have hoped, simply because it is so far away and so little known.

Communism, as this brief survey suggests, is not a very great threat in Latin America for the moment, except possibly in British Guiana or, perhaps, very vaguely, in Bolivia. But what of the future? What soil for potential Communist growth is there in Latin America?

An objective observer must conclude that there is very rich soil in Latin America and it is not at all impossible that Communist influence in that area may yet become a major problem. There are at least four reasons for this view:

First, the over-all poverty of most Latin Americans. Per capita income throughout Latin America is probably under three hundred dollars annually and in some areas—like Ecuador, Bolivia and Haiti—probably under one hundred dollars. Not only is the average income low, but there are very wide disparities. The luxurious homes in the rich section of Santiago de Chile remind one of Westchester County. The misery and poverty in the *callampas* which surround the city suggest an Asiatic level of living. The middle classes are growing in Latin America, particularly in Mexico, Brazil, and Argentina, but by and large it is the glaring contrasts between the very rich and the very poor that impress a visitor most.

Second, there is the inflation which in greater or lesser degree plagues much of Latin America. In Chile, the most glaring case, the price level has risen over twenty times in the postwar decade, and it was popular resentment over this and over the sacrifices imposed in the effort to halt inflation which boiled over in the recent riots. Furthermore, as Latin America is still largely underdeveloped, the effort to develop it, now proceeding briskly, may be expected to add fuel to the inflation. In South America, as elsewhere, it is the poor who are hit hardest by inflation, particularly the urban workers. The rich can save their real wealth by buying real estate, foreign exchange or the like, and they do.

Third, there is the anti-Americanism which, in various degrees of virulence, is endemic throughout the area. The plain fact is that as the richest and most powerful nation in this hemisphere, we are looked upon with varying degrees of dislike and suspicion by key elements of the peoples south of us. We may not think often now of the days when we seized more than half of Mexico's territory, of the means by which the political prerequisites for the Panama Canal were set up, and of the days of "dollar diplomacy" in Central America, but many Latins, and particularly Latin intellectuals, have not forgotten. For the Communists, of course, anti-Americanism is a ready-made propaganda weapon which they use to the utmost on every possible occasion. As a practical matter today, anti-Americanism has expressed itself most importantly in the refusal to permit American investment in the oil industries of Argentina and Brazil, though the economic benefit of such investment could clearly be tremendous for both countries. A possible future dispute over the Panama Canal and the degree of Panama's sovereignty over the Canal Zone could feed this anti-Americanism strongly. Many Latins, and not only Communists, believe American policy is dictated by our investments in such countries as Venezuela and the Dominican Republic and explains what they regard as support for dictators in those lands.

Fourth, and perhaps most important, the land tenure system in most of these countries is ideal from a Communist point of view. With the conspicuous exception of Mexico and Bolivia, there is in much of Latin America an enormous inequality in the ownership of land. In Chile, for example, a few hundred families own the great bulk of the nation's farm land, far more than the remaining more than one hundred thousand farm-owning families put together. The standard Latin American type, the rich landowner who divides his time between Paris, London, and New York, living on his income from the land which he rarely sees, is in vivid contrast with the desperately poor Latin American peasantry. To anyone who knows even a little of the history of the Russian and Chinese revolutions, it is plain what enormous opportunities this situation presents for the Communists. Latin America, we must remember, is still overwhelmingly rural, and it was rural support that brought the Communists to power in British Guiana and Guatemala.

FROM A long-range point of view, it is this last problem which is fundamental, which must be solved if Communism is really to be made impotent in Latin America. And it was to this problem that the Fourth Catholic International Rural Life Conference addressed itself in Santiago de Chile early last April. The message of the conference was simple: either the problem of a just distribution of the land in Latin America will be solved by democratic forces there or it will be "solved" by the Communists, who will use the land issue to conquer Latin America. As a non-Catholic, I must confess to having been greatly impressed by this conference, which proceded with the blessing of the Vatican, and by the valuable role Church dignitaries and laymen close to the Church played in trying to put this message across. The many American non-Catholics who think of the Roman Catholic Church as primarily a conservative or reactionary force would find it hard to maintain such a position if they knew what went on in this meeting.

Monsignor Ligutti, of the National Catholic Rural Welfare Conference in this country, played an im-



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portant role in the arrangements and brought together an impressive roster of speakers. Wolf Ladejinsky from Saigon told of how the Communists have used the land question to gain power in Asia and of how democratic land reform is helping stem the tide in Japan and elsewhere. Stanislas Mikolaeczyk, former premier of Poland, told of how the Communists had first deceived and then enslaved the peasantry of Eastern Europe. The story of Italy's land reform was related. Speakers from different Latin American countries discussed the basic facts of land tenure in their nations, as well as other aspects of the problems of man and the land in Latin America. The Monsignor himself made clear in a memorable address how incompatible the undue concentration of land ownership is with Catholic religious and philosophical doctrine.

The message of the conference, it must be said, was received with dismay by a good fraction of the people who attended the conference daily despite the riots and bloodshed in the streets outside the hotel. These persons were both devout Catholics and large landowners. Some of them acted at times as if they were thunderstruck to hear this doctrine of democratic land reform being preached by the Church they love and believe in. "But you don't understand," one typical large landowner pleaded to a foreign visitor at the conference. "What happened in China or Russia can't happen here. Come out to my *funda*. You will see that my workers are happy and contented. They know they are like members of the family. They don't want to own land. The Church is making a mistake at this conference, a terrible mistake."

In the committee meetings which were an important part of the conference and especially in the meetings which drafted the conference's conclusions, frequent and heated arguments on the issue of land reform went on. By no means were all who attended the conference convinced, and the compromise nature of the final resolutions betrayed the division of opinion. But certainly the seeds of new ideas and new imperatives were planted at this important meeting. Friends of democracy and of the people of Latin America can only hope that these seeds will bear fruit in the years to come. If they do not, it may well be that Communism will seize some of these lands, and give us Communist neighbors to the south.

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**CATHOLICS AND LABOR**

# Alarums and Excursions

JOHN C. CORT

PERHAPS THE TITLE for this piece should be "The Protestant Plan for American Catholics." Then Protestants might see the article and think: "Now that isn't a very nice title. You would think that Protestants were devising some nefarious plan to rise up against the Catholics, burn their churches and throw them all in jail. This man Cort is not contributing to interfaith amity and good fellowship."

I could understand this reaction perfectly because I had a somewhat similar feelng when I saw a piece entitled "The Catholic Plan for American Labor" by Kermit Eby in a recent issue of *Christianity Today*. And the content of the article did nothing to change my initial reaction—quite the contrary.

*Christianity Today* is an interesting new magazine that seems to be beamed at an intelligent type of fundamentalist and evangelical Protestant. The masthead lists over one hundred contributing editors and correspondents from many denominations all over the world, Billy Graham among them. The accent is conservative in theology and somewhat to the right of Eisenhower in politics.

That is another reason why it is difficult to understand this piece by Kermit Eby. Mr. Eby is a professor in the division of social sciences at the University of Chicago; from 1945 to 1948 he was director of education and research for the national CIO. He has been around and he should know what he is talking about.

His piece starts off with some long quotes from, and commentary on, several speeches by David McDonald, president of the United Steelworkers, in which Mr. McDonald expresses his own particular brand of conservatism and his belief that "we have established what is properly called a people's capitalism . . . which is a far cry from the old reactionary capitalism which dominated the lives of the American people for so many years," and that the great corporations aren't what they used to be, but are now operated by a sort of "mutual trusteeship" of managers and employees.



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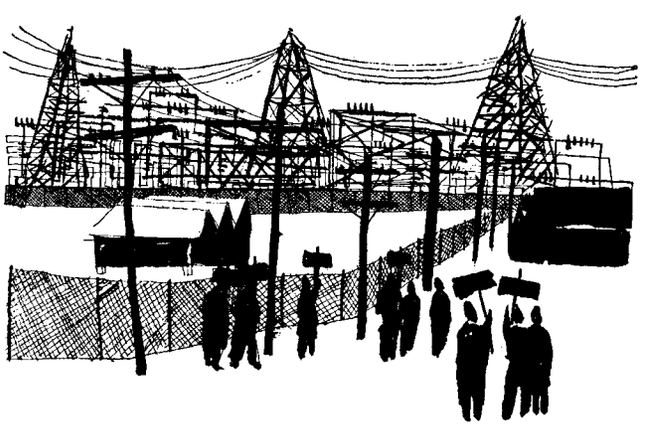
Instead of telling us that this is the kind of idea that has the blessing of the editors of *Christianity Today,* as we might expect, Mr. Eby does a quick switch and ascribes McDonald's sentiments to Philip Murray, Monsignor George Higgins, and the entire Catholic hierarchy, and conveys the impression that the Catholic Church, from Pope down to pastor, is plotting as one man to fasten this kind of economics, complete with corporate state, upon the American labor movement and the American people.

This is very hard to figure out because Mr. Eby, having been around, should know a number of things that have a direct bearing on the subject. One of these would be that David McDonald, to whom he devotes about twenty-five per cent of his article, has never pretended to be a spokesman for Catholic social theory. Another would be that neither Philip Murray nor Monsignor Higgins would ever have endorsed Mr. McDonald's rather naive faith in American Capitalism Unlimited. And a third would be that you could find about as much disagreement on economics among Catholic Bishops as you can find, apparently, among contributors to *Christianity Today.*

There are, in addition, several other baffling things in this piece. Mr. Eby builds his Catholic threat on the CIO Industry Council Plan, which was pushed by Philip Murray and another Catholic CIO leader, John Brophy, and was passed unanimously by every CIO convention, I believe, from 1941 to the last one in 1956. Kermit Eby was working for the CIO during some of these years. He had an opportunity to discuss it with both Murray and Brophy. He knows its provisions, vague as they were, and in his article he quotes key passages from one of those annual CIO resolutions.

For example: "Nationwide democratic industrial planning must be accompanied from the outset and permanently thereafter by Industry Councils through which such planning and administrative work can be kept close to the people. There should be a National Production Board on which there would be representatives of organized labor, farmers, consumers, industrial management and government. In each of the industries coming under the plan there should be an Industry Council composed of representatives of organized labor, industrial management and the government, and where possible, of ultimate consumers." Now what's wrong with that?



It is true, as Eby points out, that there is some similarity between this plan and certain ideas expressed by Pius XI in 1931 in his encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno.* But have things come to the point where American Protestants reject an idea simply because the Pope likes it? This reminds one of Heywood Broun's old dictum, "Whenever I am in doubt as to what stand I should take on any issue, I wait to see what position Bishop Manning takes and then I take the opposite." But Broun was a humorist and we like to think that he didn't mean it literally.

THE KIND of visceral logic Mr. Eby uses strains the faculty of rational thought. To make it stand up you have to omit a lot of important detail. You cannot, for example, mention the fact that Walter Reuther, whom Mr. Eby apparently admires, has repeatedly supported the Industry Council Plan as nothing more than an extension of democratic principles and practice to the industrial sphere. Similarly, in discussing European experiments along this line, as Eby does, it would not make sense if you also mentioned the fact, as Eby does not, that in Germany both Socialist and Catholic workers have joined together in support of them while both Protestant and Catholic employers have opposed them. In Germany, of course, they call it "co-determination," and this word has very different connotations which would not fit in Mr. Eby's picture. The word "corporatism" or "corporate state," on the other hand, has just the right Fascist implications, and these are therefore the words that Mr. Eby prefers.

Then, after describing the plan accurately enough and some of the Catholic efforts (much more modest and half-hearted than Kermit Eby ever imagines) to put it into effect, he gives us no argument, no facts, and no critique which would explain why this plan is a bad thing. He simply concludes as follows:

"Ultimately the cartelization of American industry would be complete. Then the cartels would become as powerful as the government. Power, filtering from cartel to government and back, would again give us the *corporate* state [italics his]. If my readers do not understand how the corporate state operates, they need only study recent Indian history. [This must be a misprint for "Italian history" since I am not aware that anyone has yet uncovered a corporatist in India—J.C.C.]

"David McDonald [there he is again] may not un-



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derstand the end results of his plan, and he may not understand the relationship between monopoly, inflation and the corporate state, but it certainly behooves every American to do so!" End of article.

This particular American doesn't understand it either. Nor does he understand the relationship between the corporate state as pictured by Mr. Eby and the CIO Industry Council Plan, which seem to him to be as different as day from night, or, to be more exact, as different as democracy from dictatorship. Nor, to make his ignorance complete, does he understand the relationship between Fascism and Catholic social thought which so many Ebys have thought they saw under their beds—particularly between Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno* and Mussolini's corporatism. It is hard to believe that such Protestants have really read the encyclicals. If they have read them, they certainly do not understand them.

Kermit Eby's own blinders are evident in a passage in which he quotes Father John Cronin of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, to the effect that the ultimate aim is "the acceptance of a Christian social code by all groups in our society." And then Mr. Eby adds, "The Christian social code intended is, of course, the dogma of Roman Catholicism."

I hope Father Cronin, or somebody equally qualified, will write Kermit Eby to explain that a Christian social code hardly involves even any Christian dogma, let alone Catholic dogma, but is based upon the natural law of common sense and common justice, which is shared by Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and even atheists of good will. Indeed, as I understand Father Cronin's use of the word "Christian" in this connection, he is actually talking here about a code which is consistent with Christianity rather than one which has a peculiarly Christian stamp to it.

Sometimes it seems that the plan of some Protestants for American Catholics is simply to imprison them in a plot of their own—that is, the Protestant's—devising. It's a dramatic plot, all right, full of good guys and bad guys, the latter being mostly sinister agents of the Vatican working night and day to destroy our American freedoms and enslave every good little American in a Fascist concentration camp. It might go well as a serial on television designed to send the children off to bed in a fine glow of fright. But is it life?

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**KOREA AND HUNGARY**

# Two American Responses

## JOHN CAXTON

AN ENGLISH-SPEAKING visitor to America may have a deceptive feeling of being at home, or almost at home. Approximately the same language; more important, similar types of sense of humor and similar styles of good and bad manners. Similar, compared with the French or the Germans, or other varieties of "real foreigners." And yet, in matters of collective feeling, of politics in the widest sense, America to any European is hugely and basically foreign. If I talk to a New York college boy about literature or the weather, we are free, equal and kin. But if we talk about world politics we are wide apart. He has a sense of huge responsibilities, whose limits he can only obscurely apprehend, and which he does not at all want. And I have the feeling of being in the presence no longer of a person but of a continent. I offer my opinion as a child offers a bun to an elephant, and it is accepted with the same courteous gravity.

I have been in America only twice, each time for only a short period. It so happened that these visits coincided with the two greatest international crises since the war: the first in December 1950 with the crisis following the Chinese intervention in the Korean war and the second this winter with the dual crisis over Hungary and Suez. After my first visit I became, like all first visitors, an authority on American psychology. The Americans were, I would explain, an impatient and excitable people, given to terrible storms of collective passion. (Here I would touch learnedly on the Germanic and Eastern European contribution to the American racial heritage.) We Western Europeans would need to take note of the deadly current of violence in American life and exercise the restraining influence of a political maturity developed by our long and tragic history. Other and wiser people were saying the same thing at the same time.

The next time I was in America the two most mature nations in Western Europe were arbitrating in a Middle

John Caxton is the pseudonym of a European writer who contributes frequently to The Commonweal.



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Eastern dispute by means of an armed attack on the party which happened at the time to be defending its own territory. Simultaneously, the Russians were moving to crush a European nation whose Prime Minister publicly appealed to the West for help. All European nations—and, apparently much more, all Asiatic nations—were swept by violent and contradictory emotions. In America what most impressed the visitor was the relative calm. Concern, apprehension, moral reprobation certainly, but nothing like the emotional conflagration which had marked the Korean crisis of six years before.

Friends who had seemed to me at that time reckless in their zeal for a showdown with the Communist powers now used very different language. It was not now a question of what "we" should do, but of what the United Nations was doing, and of what it ought to do. These were intelligent, well-informed people who knew that the exceptional conditions which permitted "United Nations intervention" in Korea no longer prevailed; that the Russian veto was once again installed and that it would, inevitably, be used to forbid any action by the organization which would be opposed to Russian interests. Yet my friends, by an intellectual mechanism that still eludes my comprehension, continued to assert that the United Nations "ought to intervene in Hungary" and that what it did now "would be a test of the United Nations." A guest from Eastern Europe, a refugee, present at one such discussion, asked two questions. "If your house was burning down," he said, "would you send for the local debating society? And if the society failed to put out the fire would you say that such societies were useless?" And then he added sadly: "Of course it is not your house."

IT IS EASY to produce "explanations" of the different atmospheres in two crises. My Eastern European friend would have said that the difference was determined by the fact that in the first crisis Americans were fighting and dying; in the second it was only Hungarians. (He would have been the first to admit that such a reaction is a general human one, and that his own people had not been greatly worried by the Korean war.) Another "explanation" could be that in the first crisis American public opinion felt that America possessed a decisive weapon, and in the second crisis it could no longer feel that. No doubt many other explanations, some with a bearing on internal politics, could be put forward. But the total impression on the visitor, whatever the causes, was of a shift away from an even truculent self-reliance to something very like pious evasion. My friends felt that it was virtuous, in a great power, to entrust the responsibility for the most weighty decisions to an international body. They did not like to be reminded that that body was constitutionally incapable of making such decisions. The Israelites used to feel that they had got rid of their sins when they drove the scapegoat into the wilderness; outsiders might reflect that the sins remained right where they were, and that it was rough on the goat.

These generalizations may be no better founded than those which I liked to make after my first visit; at the least they may more quickly become out of date. In February I heard students at a Midwestern college argue that, since war with Russia was only a question of time, and since the relative power of Russia was growing, it would be better to have war soon and get it over with. But this was *after* the Hungarian crisis, not during it. And the students sounded as if they thought what they said was logical; not as if they meant it. And they continued to blame the United Nations, as if peace was a file which had been mislaid in the Secretariat. The argument that the United Nations was a deliberative body, with powers of weighty exhortation, making world public opinion known and felt, and not an effective executive force, seemed not to impinge. Either a god from the machine, or nothing.

These were random samplings of public opinion, as they presented themselves to one observer, in half a dozen American cities, during two crises. The outsider, having been absent in the intervening years, is perhaps more quick to notice changes. But the native, with his better, denser knowledge of what has happened in the meanwhile, is better able to interpret the changes. To you then, as American readers, I would put three questions for your own consideration. First, what place has the idea of the United Nations come to play in American popular political psychology, as distinct from professional political thinking? Second, what bearing does that idea, in that place, have on future relations between America and the organization which is America's guest? And third, summing up the first two, is there an illusion and, if so, what form will the disillusionment take?

## APPEALS FOR LITERATURE

Salesian Fathers in Madras want copies of Catholic magazines, especially The Commonweal; address Rev. Peter Meliga, 80 C Broadway, Madras, India. Books for a school and college library—liberal arts, pedagogy, agriculture, business, law, engineering, social science, English—are urgently requested by Rev. Victor J. Helly, S.J., Ateneo de Cagayan, Cagayan de Oro City, Philippines. A contemplative community of French Dominican Sisters recently established in South Sweden requests "good books of spirituality and doctrine" in English, to make up for the lack of Swedish Catholic literature; address—Dominikansystrarna, Rogleback, Sodra Sandby, Sweden.



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# BILLY GRAHAM AT THE GARDEN

THE REACTIONS to Billy Graham's New York crusade have been more interesting than the crusade itself. Graham himself has been admirably indifferent to the criticism hurled at him; he seems to be personally assured that he is doing the work of the Lord and will not be sidetracked. The crusade has not lacked critics, though, and there may be more to be learned about the state of contemporary religion from their criticism than from the nightly crowds gathered in the Garden.

One newspaper columnist, the brilliant Murray Kempton, was disappointed. Is this all there is to it? he asked. Does the religion of the prophets and the saints have no more to offer today than this polite, controlled exhortation to believe and be good? In other days the Holy Ghost seemed to come with a great gust of wind. Does even He now hover over the middle of the road? The Graham crusade is no emotional binge. It is quiet, business-like, a matter of little white cards and professional referrals. Is this all there is to it? Kempton asked. Kempton may not have really missed the revival fire and brimstone of other days, but he did expect something more than what he found in Madison Square Garden.

The *Christian Century* had similar reservations. The very efficiency, the Madison Avenue slickness of the endeavor has soured at least one *Century* editor. The inevitability of the crusade's "success"—so many will make "decisions for Christ" every night as sure as the sun will set—and the emphasis on numbers, make this Protestant writer skeptical. He does not ask, like Murray Kempton, Is this all? He knows there is more and is disturbed that with all the publicity given the crusade too many people, including churchmen, will come to believe that this *is* all.

The position of the *Century* is more or less shared by Reinhold Niebuhr, who has long been a critic of the current religious "revival" and the soothing "Peace of Mind" approach to God's truth.

I saw only two Catholic comments on the Graham crusade. One priest asked, Why be half-saved? a flippant reference to Billy Graham's denial of certain aspects of Catholic doctrine. The other, written by Father Gustave Weigel for *America,* was generally sympathetic with the evangelist's motives and intentions but reminded Catholics that they had nothing to gain from participation in the crusade: whatever Billy Graham could give, they already had. This was not to say that he has nothing to give to those cut off from all religion.

Even Billy Graham's most severe critics credit him with personal sincerity and religious zeal. Catholics abroad noted that his preaching remains close to solid doctrine, that he emphasizes the staggering truths of Christianity and does not water down religious mystery or Christ's "hard sayings."

It is very difficult for believers to judge Graham's crusade fairly. A man who has stayed close to his church and its teachings is not likely to be swept up into the enthusiasm of a revival meant for unbelievers. The crusade is directed to people who have lost contact with the church. Billy Graham somehow brings them back to an awareness of their God. The experience of the revival is only the beginning. If it does not lead to a more lasting, thoughtful commitment, then it is mere showmanship. But I don't think that anyone would go so far as to say that the beginnings of a religious dedication are never traced to meetings like those in the Garden.

And that holds me off from joining the Graham critics. Grant the questionable Madison Avenue aspects, grant the pressagentry, grant the inevitable incompleteness. Grant all that, but remember that this is only a beginning. Who knows where it will lead? How many converts had their thoughts turned to the Church under much less promising circumstances? Billy Graham is a good man; he teaches the truth as he knows it; he loves his fellow man. The rest is up to God.

JOHN COGLEY.

## RE "RETURN ENGAGEMENT"

*I wrote of my difficulties with the Walter Committee in the issue of June 7. A number of readers were good enough to send warm assurances of their personal support, and others wrote directly to members of the committee. I am deeply grateful. Newspapers across the country commented editorially. I have not seen a single editorial upholding Mr. Walter's position. A journalist's right to work without the threat of Congressional harassment hanging over him was vigorously upheld by the Washington* Post, Editor and Publisher, *Hartford* Times, *Denver* Post, Newsday, *Dayton* Daily News, *Minneapolis* Star, *and others.*

*Originally the hearing was set for May 15. Then it was postponed until June 5, then June 12. On June 7 I received my third telegram from Congressman Walter. The hearing has now been postponed "until further notice."* —*J. C.*



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# THE SCREEN

## BOYS INTO MEN—AND OTHER FABLES

IT WAS INEVITABLE, given the publicity that Parris Island has received recently, that it be used as background for a movie. Under Producer-Director Jack Webb, "The D.I." is a realistic, tough film that states clearly that it is no easy job "to make a man outa junior" in twelve weeks. Starring himself in the title role, Webb plays a Marine drill instructor who uses plenty of invective and sarcasm in training the "you people" of his platoon. He is especially hard on one private (played by Don Dubbins), an emotionally disturbed young man who at times seems impossible as Marine material and then again performs as the perfect recruit. When the captain (Lin McCarthy) rides Webb for not making faster progress with Don, Webb rides Don to the breaking point.

Although "The D.I." has a good script, written by James Lee Barrett from his original TV play, "Death of a Sand Flea," the visuals, with Webb bearing down in scene after scene, become monotonous. No doubt the points are well made that recruits need stern, vigorous training and that "A dead Marine is never sorry; he's just dead." The exercises are realistic enough, but to the audience, becoming as resentful as the recruits, they begin to seem somewhat silly and childish. Before its finale, "The D.I." satisfactorily explains and straightens out Dubbins, but somehow makes Webb the real neurotic. An attempt at romance between the uncompromising top sergeant and a war widow (Jackie Loughery) does not save the picture.

THE STORY of Barney Ross, "Monkey on My Back," starts with Ross' entering the United States hospital at Lexington as a voluntary patient addicted to morphine, and ends with his leaving the hospital many reels later a cured man. In between these two scenes is a long flashback showing the lightweight and later welterweight champion in action in the ring, as a gambler and waster who can't resist a good-fellow, grandstand play, as a Marine hero in lengthy and conventional war scenes at Guadalcanal. Here he won the Silver Star but he also contracted malignant malaria. Helped only by morphine, Ross became an addict. Even after the war, back in Chicago, happily married and with a good public relations job, Ross continued the dope habit. Except for the scenes showing Barney resisting the craving and then giving in to it (one particularly objectionable sequence shows him preparing and injecting a needle) and those in the hospital when he goes through dreadful tortures fighting the habit, this is a routine movie. Under Andre de Toth's direction, Cameron Mitchell plays Ross convincingly without glamorizing either the man or any aspect of drug addiction, and Dianne Foster is appealing as his suffering and patient wife. The picture does make one thing clear: neither addiction nor cure is easy.

MARILYN MONROE and Laurence Olivier evidently thought Terence Rattigan's play, "The Sleeping Prince," worthy of their talents as producers. But Rattigan's thin little comedy, about an American chorus girl who stirs an aging and stodgy Carpathian grand duke into action, although a great hit in London, created little interest in New York. The movie, with a script written by Rattigan, does afford the two leads plenty of opportunity to display their individual abilities and they make the most of them. "The Prince and the Showgirl," as the film is called, is still pretty slight; and even under Laurence Olivier's capable direction, the jokes and situations strain to be naughty and funny. As a Technicolor reproduction of 1911 London, the film is pleasant, especially when it moves out of the Belgrave Square living room of the Prince. The episodes connected with the George V coronation ceremonies (for which the Carpathians are in town) are beautifully photographed. In the good and large supporting cast Sybil Thorndyke as the Queen Dowager who takes a fancy to the chorus girl, Richard Wattis as the Englishman appointed to wait on the Prince, and Jeremy Spenser as the Prince's son, the Carpathian boy-king who wants a motorcycle and a general election are excellent. But the audience is always ahead of this meager plot about the chorus girl who expected gypsy violins when she was sent to entertain this visiting grand duke and who got instead a somewhat stuffy prince.

ALTHOUGH "The Wayward Bus," which makes its run in the shadow of the California Sierras, is not as crowded as city buses, its passengers have many more problems. In fact all of the occupants, including the driver who has just decided to leave his wife, are weighted down with troubles. These sadly perturbed people include parents (Kathryn Givney, Larry Keating) who have an unhappy married life; their daughter (Dolores Michaels) whom they are forcing to run away from a love affair; a stripteaser (Jayne Mansfield) on her way to San Juan for a job; a traveling salesman (Dan Dailey) who falls for her before he learns the low-down about her in a nasty article in *Naked Truth;* a young girl (Betty Lou Keim) who used to work for the bus driver's ill-tempered wife (Joan Collins); a pimply youth (Dee Pollock) who used to work for the bus driver; and a grouchy old man (Will Wright) who's determined to get to San



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Juan by 3 P.M. come hell or high water. Hell and high water come; and the bus has a wild time careening over the mountains. This interesting situation of a group of trouble-burdened people gathered together and then bravely facing physical excitement has been used by many authors through the ages. But John Steinbeck's novel, on which the film is based, overloaded his assembled group with problems and cliches; and the film makers seem to have got tired of the whole project even before the characters got bored with themselves. The cast is all right; and Rick Jason is especially effective as the bus driver who, in spite of erring ways, does take his job, his religion and his mixed-up marriage seriously. But the film is old-hat and tired.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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**BAUDELAIRE**

# First Modern Poet

WALLACE FOWLIE

SOME YEARS seem to count more than others in the development of the creative human spirit. The year 1857, a century ago, gave to France *Madame Bovary,* which was promptly condemned, and a few months later, *Les Fleurs du Mal,* for which Charles Baudelaire was fined five hundred francs and from which he was ordered to delete six poems. It was the year when Dostoevsky and Tolstoy received their first real recognition, and when Richard Wagner completed the second act of *Tristan.*

Today *Les Fleurs du Mal* is one of the most frequently edited books in world literature, the most often edited book after the Bible, it is claimed. It is undoubtedly the book which has been translated most often, into the largest number of languages, during the past fifty years. It would seem that Baudelaire has become the poet we can't escape from. All civilized Europeans not only know his name, but read him. They read him because he speaks directly to them. The introductory poem, *Au Lecteur,* which is a study of modern man's spiritual malady, an analysis of his famous *ennui,* ends with the challenging apostrophe, "Hypocrite reader, who are like me, who are my brother!"

Paradoxes abound when one tries to establish reasons for Baudelaire's presence among us. For example, no poet has ever been closer to Paris in his art than Baudelaire. And yet no poet yet produced by France has been less dominated by patriotism or fashions or customs. By being deeply and pervasively the poet of one city, Baudelaire has become the most universal French poet. He is the poet of a single book, but many of the poems have become so familiar that they now participate in that part of our heritage which seems unalterable.

Mr. Fowlie, a member of the faculty at Bennington, recently edited the *Journals of Jean Cocteau.*

For many Americans, Baudelaire is still the French poet who was influenced by Poe, who translated Poe and who exaggerated the importance of Poe. Recent discoveries, however, by Professor W. T. Bandy of the University of Wisconsin, have confirmed the beliefs of French scholars that Poe exerted no influence on Baudelaire's poetry. In fact, Baudelaire had written most of his poems before he began reading and translating Poe. Henry James' attack on Poe created to a considerable degree the fate of Poe in American letters. But in the recent criticism of Malcolm and Edmund Wilson and Allen Tate, the attitudes and judgments of Baudelaire on Poe have been somewhat revindicated. Baudelaire recognized himself in the American poet. He translated Poe because of their traits in common: hysteria which often replaced the free functioning of the will, a lack of harmony between the nervous tensions and the intellect, a scorn for the concept of progress and for the materialism of their century, a love for the secrecy and the suggestiveness of dreams.

The psychological analyses of Laclos and Sade, the prose style of Chateaubriand, the philosophy of Swedenborg and Joseph de Maistre probably exerted a far deeper influence on Baudelaire than any aspect of Poe's writing. But the American poet had for the Frenchman the power of a myth, and the particular significance which Baudelaire found in Poe was to play an important role in the development of Mallarmé's genius and Valéry's.

LONG BEFORE the publication of *Les Fleurs du Mal,* Baudelaire had been looked upon in Paris as a dandy, a mystifier, and, even more than that, a poet who wrote about vermin, rotting bodies, assassins and worms. Two years before the book, in 1855, eighteen of his most remarkable poems were published



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in *La Revue des Mondes,* and called forth violent and vituperative attacks. At the poet's death, in 1867, the accounts stressed sensational details in his life, his eccentricities, his diabolism, his dandyism. It is true that Baudelaire, as long as he could afford it, lived the role of dandy in the Hôtel Lauzun on the Ile-Saint-Louis, that he often shocked the French bourgeoisie with his immorality and cynicism, that he cultivated an attitude toward Satanism and the Gothic tale or *roman noir.*

But today, thanks to the accessibility of all of his writings, we know that far more important than the exterior dandyism of his appearance and behavior was the "inner dandyism" of his spirit, his feelings of horror and ecstasy. Baudelaire is the first "modern poet" not because of his behavior and dress, but because of his awareness of disorder in the world and in himself. Satanism is at the center of his work, not by histrionic black magic values, but by the poet's horror of man's fate and his obsession over guilt. The pathology of Baudelaire's sado-masochism has been elaborately studied in recent years, but it reveals very little unless it is considered in terms of his entire spiritual life.

When Baudelaire was writing his earliest poems, about 1845, his principal references and directions came from romanticism. He felt close affinity with the enthusiasms of Gautier and Banville, with the esoteric interests of Nerval, with the macabre interests of Pétrus Borel. These men—more than the so-called leaders of the romantic movement; Hugo, Lamartine, Vigny—helped Baudelaire to define modern art by its secrecy, its spirituality, its aspiration toward the infinite. He was among the first to define romanticism as a way of feeling (*une manière de sentir*). The examples of Delacroix, Poe and Wagner confirmed the intuitions of Baudelaire concerning the modern form of melancholy and nostalgia. In his search for beauty through the "forests of symbols" where every element is hieroglyph, he practiced the art of symbolism instinctively, long before it reached its consecration in theory and manifesto.

IN FRANCE today—and this is generally true for the past quarter of a century—the most persistent problem in Baudelaire criticism concerns the poet's spirituality and religious drama. Many of the Catholic critics, Stanislas Fumet, Charles du Bos, Jean Massin, have with considerable justice pointed out that Baudelaire addresses the fundamental part of his message to Christians and that without Catholic dogma *Les Fleurs du Mal* would not have been written. Contradictions which obscure every phase of the study of Baudelaire are particularly forceful in the problem of his religious experience. His understanding of Christianity is constantly being contradicted by his theories of eroticism, examples of his pride, and even outbursts of blasphemy. There are passages in letters to his mother which reveal even a doubt concerning the existence of God. A major error has been committed many times: that of making Baudelaire into a saint, of canonizing him and drawing him into Catholicism. Another error, equal in its excesses, and often perpetrated, is that of distorting Catholicism to fit Baudelaire's measurement and Baudelaire's weaknesses.

Today critical inquiry about him almost infallibly stresses spiritual values. Rather than concentrating on his sensuality, which was far more limited than once believed, it is studying the breadth and complexity of his intelligence and his mind's very central religious obsessions. This in itself is a severe judgment on the nineteenth century, which condemned *Les Fleurs du Mal* in 1857 on charges of immorality and yet applauded the childish obscenities of so many other writers. Baudelaire's personal modesty and reticence were well known in his own day. Gautier, in particular, said that Baudelaire in his metaphysically-minded conversations usually spoke of his ideas, that he very seldom referred to his feelings and never spoke of his actions.

The spiritual source of romanticism and of Baudelaire's poetry is the will to reach some degree of happiness or self-achievement either in this life or another, but Baudelaire's lucid intelligence made him more scrupulous and more jealous of his ideas than most romantics engaged in the quest for self-realization. Whenever any degree of peace or happiness came within sight, a fear that he was deceived grew in him and tended to defeat the promise. The beauty of his mistress never appeared perfect to him for long. His heart always ended by changing it into a lure or a trap. Irony tempered his heart and his writing at moments when his feelings or his words might have become overintense or frenetic. His heart's truth was tenderly and despairingly explored by his mind. Nevertheless, Baudelaire testifies today to the most violent and the most irresistible aspirations of the romantic spirit, aspirations which are perhaps still dominant in the contemporary creative artist.


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# Uneven Addition to a Magnificent Whole

THE TOWN. By William Faulkner. Random. $3.95.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

WILLIAM Faulkner's new novel, *The Town,* communicates a strange knowledge: that its author has finally understood, in his very flesh, that he has achieved immortality. Thus, he has given us the work of an almost relaxed and slack genius, a book that is uneven, funny, outrageous in its inventions, justified not so much in and of itself but as part of a magnificent whole.

It is not simply that Faulkner has once again proved himself the marvelous victim of the self-delusion that his characters are actually real. He long ago demonstrated that in the section he wrote for the Viking *Portable Faulkner,* tracing people back to genealogies which had never been mentioned and forward to fates which had never been implied. Now one feels the presence of something more, of an artfulness (like Balzac changing the names of characters to make them fit in the grand pattern of the *Comédie*) which remembers for the sake of memory, which takes joy in filling the book with echoes.

And this fact confronts us with a problem. One cannot read *The Town* by itself, for it is so consciously a part of the chronicle of Yoknapatawpha County. Events which, in an isolated book, would be impossibly unbelievable here take on the solid air of reality because of what has gone before. And how, then, are we to judge, since even the merest gossip from Jefferson, Mississippi, is transformed by the fact that it is a part of the most sweeping literary vision of our time?

We can certainly say that this is not to be compared with *The Sound and the Fury* or *Light in August,* that it lacks the power and insight of almost all the great works of the thirties. We can say that *The Town* has this peculiar quality of being relaxed as if the effect of Faulkner's fictional omniscience has finally become a certain good-humoredness, a playing with his created world.

*The Town* is concerned with the Snopes family. They are the grasping, rapacious breed who first made their appearance at Frenchmen's Bend in *The Hamlet.* And by the end of this new book, they are gaining control of the bank in Jefferson which had once been run by the Sartoris family. The symbolic point is obvious. This is the penultimate chapter in the story of the destruction of the old Jefferson with its aristocracy, its death at the hands of a commercial civilization. The third volume of the Snopes trilogy, tentatively titled *The Mansion,* will inevitably portray the final transition, and the land which had once been ruled by Doom, the Indian Chief, will be subject to the will of the grasping Flem Snopes.

In the past, the Snopes were a symbol of all that Faulkner hated. That is still present in this novel, yet modified by this strange good-humoredness. Gavin Stevens and V. K. Ratliff vie with one another in trying to predict the next indignity of Flem, but Faulkner is always able to top their imagination. But the very bizarre quality of his chronicle, the fantastic character of the Faulkner invention, almost leads to affection. It is as if he has almost made his peace with the inexorable rise of the Snopes, that he has given in to them and perhaps even found in them his own most important value, that of endurance.

But the other Faulkner is here, too. For he cannot write a word without reference to his basic vision of man fated by his rapacity to an inevitable doom, yet heroic nevertheless. It was this theme that animated the great novels of the thirties, and it was made explicit in *A Fable.* Now it is Gavin Stevens, standing on a hill, who delivers the summation which has the quality of a valedictory—incidentally, Faulkner has made a good dozen valedictories; indeed, he seems to love nothing more—and an almost Shakespearean sweep. Here is Stevens-Faulkner looking down upon Jefferson:

" . . . you stand suzerain and solitary above the whole sum of your life beneath that incessant ephemeral spangling. First is Jefferson, the center, radiating weakly its puny glow into space; beyond it, enclosing it, spreads the County, tied by the diverging roads to that center as is the rim to the hub by its spikes, yourself detached as God himself for this moment above the cradle of your nativity and of the men and women who made you, the record and chronicle of your native land proferred for your perusual in ring by concentric ring like the ripples on living water above the dreamless slumber of your past; you to preside unanguished and immune above this miniature of man's passions and hopes and disasters—ambition and fear and lust and courage and abnegation and pity and honor and sin and price—all bound, precarious and ramshackle, held together by the web, the iron-thin warp and woof of his rapacity but withal yet dedicated to his dreams."

There is the vision, and it is this which gives everything Faulkner writes a meaning which far transcends any narrative succession of events. The basic evil is rapacity, and it began with the alienation of the land as Faulkner told it in "The Bear." Once that has happened, society has found its original sin and Flem Snopes is only a matter of time. And still there is courage even though it is doomed. "They endure," says Faulkner of the Negroes, and that is his highest value. The Christ-like idiots, the Benjy's and Joe Christmases refuse to accept the inevitable, and there are a few whites who achieve a Negro-like serenity, who act in full consciousness of action's futility. If Faulkner has altered this basic vision in *The Town,* it is in an unexpected direction; he moves toward humanizing the Snopes even as he makes them grotesque.



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In the grand conception, Flem Snopes is the very representation of rapacity, of greed, of a crass commercialism which is destroying Faulkner's beloved world. Now we learn that he seeks, not money alone, but respectability, and that is why the completion of the cycle of destruction, the third volume of the Snopes' trilogy, will be called *The Mansion*. In *The Town* there is an undercurrent of admiration and affection for the Snopes, mixed in with the hatred. For they, too, endure; they, too, symbolize a certain human tenacity. And perhaps Faulkner will finally come to peace with his own world; perhaps he will finally accept the annihilation of the old and discover in the Snopes a new beginning.

*The Town* lacks the passion, the scope, the greatness of the earlier books, yet it suggests the presence of a new Faulkner, or at least of the final Faulkner, presiding "unanguished and immune above this miniature of man's passions." And if that is true, this novel will mark an important transition in the fantastic legend of Yoknapatawpha County.

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# Thomist Influence

JOYCE AND AQUINAS. By William T. Noon, S.J. Yale University Press. $3.75.

By KEVIN SULLIVAN

THE LAST time James Joyce saw J. F. Byrne (in Paris, June, 1933), the two former schoolfellows discussed, among other things, the biography of Joyce then being projected by Herbert Gorman. Byrne thought Gorman a decidedly bad choice for the job and told Joyce so rather bluntly. But to his friend's objections Joyce answered indifferently, "Ah, I don't care what they write about me." It is a good thing he didn't, for possibly no recent man of letters has been so much written about in the last twenty-five years as James Joyce. And the end is not yet in sight: criticism, commentary, reminiscence, assessments and reassessments, have continued to appear at an appalling rate, and still more, we are told, are in various stages of preparation. But when the end does come, when the Joyce craze—if it may be called that—is spent, not more than four or five, at safe hazard, of all these books about books will be worth the price of admission. Among those four or five will be, I feel sure, William Noon's *Joyce and Aquinas*.

The object of Father Noon's study—"to locate and describe the so-called Thomism of James Joyce"—has an intrinsic interest of its own, and the author's painstaking analysis of his material reveals progressively and conclusively its more than passing significance. It has been generally supposed that Joyce had some systematic training in scholastic philosophy at University College, Dublin. He did not. And even if he had, that training would have been more Suarezian than Thomist. In establishing this fact, Father Noon relies a little too uncritically on the Jesuits' own history of UCD which he describes as "interesting though somewhat rambling" and which might be better described as partisan and generally unreliable. But this is a minor point and in no way invalidates William Noon's conclusion, arrived at by a vigorous examination and comparison of Aquinan and Joycean texts, that "Joyce's 'Thomism' is for the most part a matter of thematic correspondences and general categories or affinities of outlook."

Father Noon develops his material thematically in terms of Thomism, and chronologically in terms of Joyce's work. Since this development entails discussion of the whole of Joyce's prose narrative from *Dubliners* to *Finnegans Wake*, it deserves prolonged consideration. But this much may be said briefly: as other critics have long suspected, the Thomist influence on Joyce's work is not to be found in the Dedalan aesthetic, which owes as much to Hegel and Berkeley as it does to Plato and Scotus; the influence is most clearly traced in the Trinitarian theme developed in *Ulysses*. Father Noon, at his analytical best in this part of his study, demolishes the old cliche that Stephen Dedalus is "in search of a father"—Dedalus desires rather to be his own father, his own begetter. He gets nowhere as a result: he is a latter-day Sabellius trapped in an aesthetic labyrinth of his own devising. The difference between him and Bloom and Molly is that he alone may suspect it, though he seldom does, while they can suspect only themselves and one another. This, in terms of character, is part of the structure of their comic inferno.

The Trinitarian theology of St. Thomas is relevant to a fuller understanding of *Ulysses* and of *Finnegans Wake*, and relevant to avoid misunderstanding parts of the *Portrait*. But, as Father Noon is at pains to point out, Joyce never committed himself wholly to the "Thomistic system." Joyce used the *Summa* as he used the *Scienza Nuova*, the *Divina Commedia*, and the *Confessions* of Augustine. That he found Aquinas as helpful as he did is perhaps a sign, as Father Noon concludes, "of the vitality of the *philosophia perennis* and of Joyce's own vast resourcefulness."

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# Insidious Patience

THE ASSISTANT. By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus. $3.50.

By ANTHONY BAILEY

THE STORE which is owned by Morris Bober, the Jewish grocer who is a chief character in Mr. Malamud's second novel, has a precarious existence in a depressed gentile neighborhood in New York; much of the time it seems to him to be a long, dark tunnel. We meet Bober on the first page, selling a three-cent roll to a Polish woman, for whom he always rises at six in the morning. A supermarket has recently been opened around the corner, and every day he has a long wait for the next customer.

> . . . the front door opened and a girl of ten entered, her face pinched and eyes excited. His



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heart held no welcome for her.

"My mother says," she said quickly, "can you trust her till tomorrow for a pound of butter, loaf of rye bread and a small bottle of cider vinegar?"

He knew the mother. "No more trust."

The girl burst into tears.

Morris gave her a quarter-pound of butter, the bread and vinegar. He found a penciled spot on the worn counter, near the cash register, and wrote a sum under "Drunk Woman." The total now came to $2.03, which he never hoped to see. But Ida would nag if she noticed a new figure so he reduced the amount to $1.61. His peace—the little he lived with—was worth forty-two cents.

It is indicative of the economical and incisive quality of Mr. Malamud's book that his incidents have an air of surprising normality, and that his tone is always thus: a level of poetic understatment which establishes a superior kind of fictional truth. Even when violence occurs, as it does to Morris Bober, to his daughter Helen, and within the makeshift soul of Frank Alpine, the Assistant, we recognise it as *violence,* the real thing, and therefore something out of the ordinary; and yet something which is not out of place in these people's lives. Although Bober says to the girl, "No more trust," it is virtue and his fault that he continues to trust, although his luck goes from bad to worse. His life has to be lived from beginning to end; it has, for the most part, a grim and remorseless character, but he will see it through. He wants—"hope" is too strong a word—a better life.

He wants someone to buy the store: he gets a robbery. An assistant, Frank Alpine, the broken-nosed wastrel, is imposed upon him, and life becomes more rather than less complicated. Frank is not sure about Jews but falls in love with Helen Bober. Helen wants to extract herself from the life where she is merely honoring her parents, helping keep them alive, but getting nowhere—certainly not to the college courses where she could improve herself. Crime takes place and there is retribution; the threads of lust and love, of passion and duty, are subtly interwoven: always in a manner which is, we imagine, natural to these people, and yet always original. The cash-register, the "specials," the neighborhood conventions, are the apparatus through which Mr. Malamud takes apart and continually assembles their lives. And if there seems to be little hope and less rapture in it, the total effect is one of magnificent celebration.

It is one of Mr. Malamud's chief merits that he hews a strict and narrow path between the Scylla of indiscreet affirmation on the one side, and the Charybdis of sentimental poverty on the other. His concern, in fact, is never with such overtones; it lies entirely with the characters and with the dilemmas which are at once their choice and their destiny.

In a rare moment of contemplation Frank Alpine considers the inevitability of it all: "Going downstairs in the morning he thought he would gladly help the store burn if it caught on fire. Thinking of Morris waiting on the same lousy customers day after day throughout the years, as they picked with dirty fingers the same cheap items they ate every day of their flea-bitten lives, then when they were gone, waiting for them to come back again, he felt like leaning over the banisters and throwing up. What kind of a man did you have to be born to shut yourself up in an overgrown coffin and never once during the day, so help you, outside of going for your Yiddish paper, poke your beak out of the door for a snootful of air? The answer wasn't hard to say—you had to be a Jew. They were born prisoners." And elsewhere, "That's what they live for, Frank thought, to suffer. And the one that has got the biggest pain in the gut and can hold onto it the longest without running to the toilet is the best Jew. No wonder they got on his nerves."

Not only do they get on his nerves; they get under his skin. Some of their insidious "patience, endurance, or whatever the hell it was," begins to rub off. And finally, when Helen has rejected him, Morris has kicked him out of the shop for stealing, and circumstances begin to conspire against him the way they have always conspired against Morris Bober, he has a moment of keen insight. He had planned to kill himself. He realises "that all the while he was acting like he wasn't, he was really a man of stern morality."

The morality, like the style, the *argot* in which Mr. Malamud's characters become articulate, is a surprise; yet a true surprise, unexpected but perfectly *right*—almost inevitable. And at the end, when Morris is dead, Helen is again accessible, and Frank has become a Jew, it seems perfectly right that we are back at the beginning again. Frank goes down to open the shop and sell the Polish woman her three-cent roll. Why not? Clearly, it must have been his fate to see out his life in this fashion, with patience, and with growing pity; the proprietor of a shop in which time closes and uncloses like the swinging door.

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# A Rich Study

**THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN COMMUNISM. By Theodore Draper. Viking. $6.75.**

By M. A. FITZSIMONS

THE FUND for the Republic's series, "Communism in American Life," has made an excellent beginning. For it Theodore Draper has written the first of three historical volumes. In a sequel, scheduled for publication next year, the author will present the history of the American Communist Party from 1923, the terminal point of this initial study, to 1945. The distinguished historian of American socialism, David A. Shannon, will deal with the years since 1945 in a third volume.

The origins of the American Communist Party provide an excellent example of the kind of historical work that can only be done by historians contemporary or near



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contemporary with their subject. In this field the written remains from which the later historians usually work are peculiarly inadequate. Much of the written material is misleading and was originally meant to mislead, and American Communists have considerably falsified their own history. A large part of the story did not produce documents and can only be reconstructed from the carefully cross-checked recollections of individuals. As they die, successive parts of the story vanish. Thus, Draper's book literally serves the Herodotean purpose of history by preserving deeds from oblivion. Only for a few years more can historians hope to deal fully with the story of the Communist Party's early days in our country.

To his task Draper brings the training and critical powers of a historian, the understanding of Communist theory and slogans and familiarity with Party leaders of a former Communist, and a studied detachment made rigorously difficult by his earlier commitment to the Party and subsequent rejection of it.

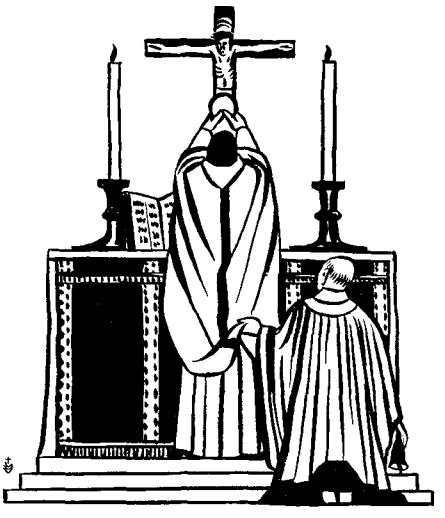
He conceives his theme as the story of how a radical movement operating on the American scene became a tool of the Soviet Union. In his view, the roots of American Communism are to be found in earlier American radicalism, ranging from Populism to the I.W.W.'s syndicalism and left-wing socialism. This is the least satisfactory part of the book. The inevitably diffuse story requires patience of the reader and prompts the suggestion that here Draper is not yet master of his material. A measure of his difficulty in this section is his account of left-wing socialism as part of the American story and his recognition that the socialist movement never succeeded in naturalizing itself in the United States. "The Socialist analysis and appeal had been conceived for a much more rigid and retrogressive society." The crucial point here is not the prominence of immigrants in the socialist movement, but the fact that many of the socialist immigrants lived in barred, doctrinaire European enclaves from which they knew and saw little of American life.

In the war years the left-wing socialists were buoyant with reformist and utopian hopes. These were inflated by the triumph of the Bolsheviks in Russia. Reaction and repression at home seemed to point to revolutionary action and violence as the ways to the future. Revolutionary romanticism and lack of realism made many an American socialist think that though he might not become President he might become an American Lenin or Trotsky. But the Bolshevik Revolution, which spurred these Communist hopes, finally posed in the sharpest form a basic dilemma of Marxism.

Marxist theory was anti-reformist, for reform was considered to be a delusory attempt to bolster a doomed society. Hope clustered only around the distant revolutionary transformation. Many groups, concerned with immediate problems and the responsibility imposed on those concerned with likely reform, foundered on this dilemma. The Revolution in Russia failed to spread and under the Third International the world's Communists were compromised not by reformism but by the demands of protecting the Soviet *fait accompli*, itself a grave source of difficulties for Marxist theory. In Russia there was "a revolution made by Communists. Men took power; no ideal was realized. They took power in conditions which made it impossible for them to realize the ideal."

This judgment is correct, although the author's phrasing here suggests that he is not convinced that Communism, even apart from Russian conditions, is utopian. From his analysis of the Bolshevik Revolution, Draper argues that the political jungle of Stalin's Russia was preceded by "an intellectual jungle in which all Communists had lost their way. . . American and other Communists accepted the political authority of the Comintern because it became their only direct human and organizational link to the Russian Revolution, the reason for their very political existence."

In his account of the subordination of world Communism to So-



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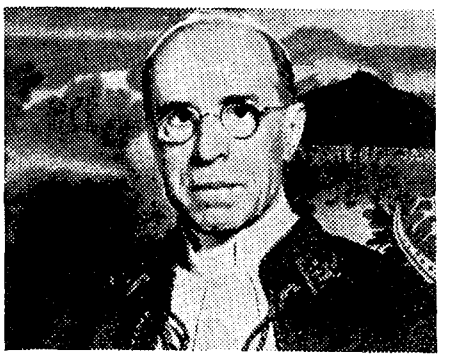

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# "Non-Partisanship"

During the years since its founding, The Commonweal has been continuously concerned with the evaluation of political, social, and economic issues. As the basis for evaluation, the magazine's editors have relied on a body of unchanging Christian principles. The effort has been to measure the transient and contingent in human affairs in the light of their approximation to values which are everlastingly necessary to the commonweal, which is both the name and the goal of this magazine.

In the process of evaluation, The Commonweal has refused to follow any pre-determined "line," because, although the values which we hold are constant, their applicability in the affairs of man is, of necessity, varied. And so, while subscribing to absolute general principles in the abstract order, the editors have attempted to maintain independence and non-partisanship in concrete situations. They have tried to avoid any *a priori* or irrevocable commitments to men or to the parties of men.

They have believed that a decent respect for the complexity of things makes such commitments a kind of serious, and fatal, sin in the intellectual order. It is this waiting on things, and the willingness to make constant revaluations of particular principles which The Commonweal editors have understood as "non-partisanship."

But this understanding of non-partisanship does not mean that the editors should refuse to commit the magazine where they believe real issues are involved. There are times when one must take sides. Loyalty to principles rather than parties should mean independence—not paralysis.

—The Commonweal, September 26, 1952


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viet Communism—Chapter 15 and thereafter—Draper is most interesting and original. "By a complex and subtle process, the non-Russian Communists exchanged the nationalism of their own countries for the nationalism of another country—in the name of internationalism." A Party which stressed that economics and politics move together had to deal with the strange contradiction that Russia had to learn from America economically and America from Russia politically.

The volume is rich in studies of persons, Borodin, Lewis Corey, John Reed, Max Eastman, Minor Foster and Browder, as well as in accounts of partly-comic clandestine meetings, notably the extraordinary fiasco convention at Bridgman on the shores of Lake Michigan.

In attempting to convey the atmosphere of this early period the author notes the contrast between a period "hospitable to every variety of radicalism" and our own time "hospitable to every variety of conservation." While he has not made the earlier period vibrant, his account of the period after 1917 is an important contribution to the strange frustration of American radicalism by the Communist Party.

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# Good Companion

ATLAS OF THE BIBLE. By L. H. Grollenberg, O.P. Translated and edited by Joyce M. H. Reid and H. H. Rowley, Nelson. $15.

By VIVIAN MERCIER

THE ENGLISH translation of Father Grollenberg's masterly atlas has been issued as a companion to the Revised Standard Version of the King James Bible, but cross-references in the index make it usable with the Douay and Knox versions as well; furthermore, it bears the *imprimatur* of the Catholic Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh.

Difficulties will begin for Catholic users of this work when they try to refer back to the Bible from the *Atlas*. They may search in vain



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for a passage in 1 or 2 *Kings* which includes the place name they are studying, unless they realize that 1 and 2 *Kings* in the RSV correspond to 3 and 4 *Kings* in the Catholic translations. Similarly, while the index to the *Atlas* shows that Osee corresponds to Hosea, it fails to reveal the converse. One might search the Vulgate a long time before recognizing Hosea as Osee or Haggai as Aggaeus. Nelson's could well have clarified these and other confusions, including the frequent differences in the numbering of chapter and verse which crop up in the Old Testament. However, during a fifteen-minute spot check *from* the Douay Bible *to* the *Atlas,* I found only one variant, Adazer for Adasa, not listed in the Index.

These objections do not, of course, apply to Father Grollenberg's share in the work, for which Protestants and Catholics alike must feel profound admiration. The thirty-five maps, many 13″ by 9½″, while never overcrowded with place names irrelevant to the period of history illustrated, are enriched by many informative notes overprinted in red. The end papers comprise two further maps, 20″ by 14″, of the modern Middle East (with oil wells and airfields marked!) and the voyages of St. Paul.

In a Bible atlas one expects to find maps and an index. One does *not* expect the more than four hundred excellent photographs, some full-page and many taken from the air, which bring the maps to life—illustrating landscape, customs, architecture and archaeology. Over a hundred of these photographs were taken by Father Grollenberg himself. Nor does one expect a sixty-thousand-word dissertation on Bible history which incorporates the latest findings of archaeology.

The frankness and scientific spirit of this last feature make it remarkable in such a publication. Father Grollenberg accepts much of the "higher criticism" of earlier generations, while pointing out that archaeology—in which he has had years of field work—disproves many of the assumptions of textual critics. Even when he disagrees wholeheartedly, he does not hesitate to cite such views as that which regards Moses as "a figment of the creative imagination of later Hebrews." Admittedly he is more circumspect in dealing with the New Testament than with the Old, but one's main objection here is that the entire section dealing with the New Testament should be so brief. Maps and photographs carry the main burden, leaving only three pages of text—though vast ones—to cover the entire New Testament era.

This is a book which may be leafed through or pored over with equal interest—though not with equal profit. Even those who care more for world history than for specifically Biblical history cannot ignore its lucid account of many civilizations besides the Hebrew. Anyone who, like me, has found himself teaching the Bible in a "great books" course will feel that the *Atlas* is both a most valuable introduction to Biblical studies and an indispensable work of reference. The text, if published separately at a reasonable price, would be one of the most useful introductory works in the field, especially if a select bibliography were appended.


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